Ilsa

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The Route

of

Mute

Victus pudor esset Amore.
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The story begins in a town somewhere in Austria where scientists were working on a project to raise a child to be telepathic. Some couples were chose parents to raise children under a homeschooled education. Highly crafted methods of embroidering images without vocal or verbal method were used with graphic impressions of things and ideas. Those elected to be parents came to America and bore children. One such child is Ilsa. For her entire early childhood Ilsa began communicating mentally solely with her parents and only her parents could read her thoughts; others had not the attunement of such mental faculties. Difficulties are not strange here, for these plebs pleat thoughts the way origami folds paper. Doubling duty on top of parenting makes this endeavor enduring and during Ilsa's life this is the strife that she procures from her predecessors: "Victory over shame is being Love."

As Ilsa grew in age and ability in telepathy, her simple wisdom gave her an unique and acute ability to foster compassion among those around her. This was what made such a marked difference in her from any other child of her generation. Though she could only communicate with her parents, her interactions with natural life and other persons who were unaware of her magnanimous ability was profound to say the least. It was as though she could melt the heart of a Lion with her warmth and charm. All other children seemed under developed in comparison to her quiescent maturity and innocent grace. Her face majestic in the face of roaring wind and worry of whir, in the onslaught of a world bought and sold with gold and no heart. Her heart was gold not seen but marvelously heard.

Since she was not taught to speak with tongue or lip, she could not play or riff with other children. Most of her world was with her parents and the other children in the experiment. Hardly is that word out that it makes the heart cringe: experiment. Ilsa was no

experiment; she was a gentile flower of a child and spent many an hour with her parents in inner joys that no word can verily express. To the excess of prowess, was Ilsa wise; to the sublimity of charity was she gentile. These virtues are rarely found in people of tongue or pen when love is best consumed in the silence of Mute.

When Ilsa was a lass of eight and a quarter, her parents were burned in a fire. She bore for the door and watched her parents go upon the pyre. She was left orphaned and could not speak a word to people, only birds now could hear her moaning like a dove. Two lonely people who lived not far away, saw Ilsa standing near her burned house and family then prayed that this little girl would become their own. So they picked up the phone and called it adoption; where the people in Europe had no option to keep Ilsa in the fold. These new parents put Ilsa in day school while she still could only communicate telepathically. Pathetically, the teacher found out Ilsa's manners and made sport of her short tongue and long thoughts. Requesting the entire class think Ilsa's name, she shamefully brought Ilsa out of her contemplation using cunning to distract Ilsa with fish tails of red herring. When Ilsa came home that day she broke down and down; sobbing while saying her name over and over. It was enough to make a hard hart weak.

She can speak though now no one may reap her joyous empathy. A canopy of words covers Ilsa's ability for credibly distinguishing sympathy from empathy. Once words work to speak ideas the line between these two pathways becomes opaque and sympathy can often be mistaken for genuine empathy.

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Upon Ilsa's sixteenth birthday, she contemplated and received her gifts from childhood again. For much of the eight years past she has slowly waxed hard toward her motherly instincts. Mingling with words, tears of regret for to forget those sweet times with mom and dad. Her inner longing was to return within her thoughts and speak no more of mountain or shore for their names. Only games are made by people with words, those who think make games absurd. There is where Ilsa belongs. In her inception into the simple reality of things is that place of long lost youth. Perhaps more than others, Ilsa feels the sting of concupiscence after losing such innocents. For others the sting of word-ology begins too early and silence too late. In Ilsa's case it is otherwise. Some silent prize welling up as never before is bearing her upon conception into the world of words. There began a span of eight years which made her dull to the thoughts of others. Here it comes again.

Before leaving her room this day she has made a contact never before made inside. She can chide her talent while still keeping it a secret. For no one knew about her abilities in these

circles she spoke in. All they knew were sounds. No one else but Ilsa could hear and speak without a sound. This kind of living communication is truly more alive than where vocal and auditory abound. It is a deep trust and knowing of one to the other; parent to child and child to parent. In this nexus, others only stumbled in unaware and never knew the extent of their input. However, Ilsa and her parents shared that nexus openly, surely the same as did Adam with Eve interweave in his thoughts.

Waxing toward the apex, she can again receive the thoughts of herself and others in the rekindled helix of her sublime times at life. Ilsa was walking to school when it all came back to her. She seemed distant to people at this moment, who make comment surreptitiously like a restless sea before a storm. Friends greeting her and she, unable to respond in words for the first time since long ago, may think that she has some fever and should be home perhaps sipping on some soup. Ilsa knows how to speak and respond! Surely she hasn't forgot; has she?

At sixteen years old now, Ilsa's bud has begun seeping and while sleeping she pines. When with all wet emotion betwix'd her thighs, she sighs for the guy of her dreams; teams to life whence she hears the word wife from prince charming on the other side of the seas. The candlestick wax like flax on the slacks covering her knees giving over and over to prince charming her name: Ilsa…my name is Ilsa,…please! As all children become adults and find out the pleasure therewith is attainable to them, so Ilsa too had these same seminal instincts for love and war.

Ilsa had no beau yet; though she had her imagination. An imago dei of they who were champions of old stowed away in her thinking. She would only think deep and long and he was there, a fair image of her father. One who would die without bother for her chastity then wed her and bed her placidly. This is as it is for all beautiful young girls with the expectation to face their feet and fold inner space. Love triangulating at the stop of eros and agape agreeing in seeing the juices from the fruits of sweet dying. These and many such other passions throbbed through Ilsa's heart.

Apart from the other girls, Ilsa now has the ability to read a mind and hear a word. Something that before was unheard of to Ilsa: the word; clanging with phonetics into her ears. Somehow, now it is not separate but one unified voice of dreams in the night making flight possible to Ilsa. She understands the helix link has been in her college of phantasms at night reminding her that she once was Mute.

After a spell, the first bell rings for homeroom preceding first period Science. All the way through the hallway her recollections growing potentially, exponentially toward that reality of wonderment, that simple awe at life which makes the faint hart roe again. Paradise prairies

in her most sweet and tender bosom began welling up and pervading her conscious mind. While coming upon a girl whom she knows, this girl asks what Ilsa is thinking of. Ilsa can not really say, for she herself would like to put it into words but this is where words fail and thoughts alone succeed.

By the second bell, Ilsa had made it to class and was sitting down when her teacher asked her to come up in front and recite the periodic table of elements. Ilsa, always polite and obliging, went without word up to the front to give her oration of the table. When she began to speak, no vocal sound issued forth; the motion of her lips was the only indicator that she was making an attempt to speak. Patiently, the teacher asked Ilsa if anything was wrong and Ilsa's reply could not be heard. But seeing that the child was making an attempt to speak the teacher dismissed her back to her seat and called on another student. There Ilsa sat for the remainder of Science period unable to sound words. It was as though this field of asphodels with its misty meadows was casting a cloud with silver lining. While she could not communicate or even keep her mind on school work, she knew some buried talent was surfacing; one that could excite her passionate silent empathy from days of yore. How is this feeling within her, an hunger without a stomach, a thirst without a tongue? Her vague desire to be penetrated in some way that she is wholly unaware of pervasively steals her thoughts away. The bell rings, signing the end of the day.

For the remainder of the day, Ilsa stayed nigh deep in thought while the clock rolled to the afternoon hours when school was spent. Her passionate promenade home made life seem more grand than bland and fostered pomp and circumstance for every advance of her strides. With her head held high, she draws nigh close with the husband of her dreams. Ilsa is yet unaware of her power of persuasion in passion and love. However she is about to discover this power over passion makes life more livable than wieldy yielding visceral vices.

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On Ilsa's twenty fourth birthday, they her friends made soirée in honor of her coming of age. Her Sage brought her to this magnanimous hour where towers her most gracious countenance; lighting every Salon in the chambers of hearts all around her. None knew of her extraordinary magnanimity, she seeing into them their past life as the leaf is to the flower. The fullness of vision only quickened her appeals to the person's fields of experiences passé and stirred in her heart emotional empathy nigh comparable to the Mother of God. Indeed she had become a secret success in the virtue of compassion.

Ilsa recalls eight years ago when these abilities first surfaced with her budding in puberty. The Catholic high-school Ilsa had gone to gave her a deep gift when they prepared her

for Holy Communion. She immediately could speak the language communicated in Communion. Her earlier experiences of the silent life helped foster her vocation to being a Catholic Communicant. It was the only service that so greatly respected silence, Ilsa often thought.

God seemed to work such graces in Ilsa that many said she would one day be a saint. Her inner solitude brought peace to her face that could heal just in a look. And what a look of love Ilsa would give! It made the heart feel expansive to the point of rupture. The serene rapture of her gaze made the haze of heavens seem uninspiring. Ilsa had a discipline akin to royal breeding, never brooding over hurts but forgiving right from her streaming conscience. This was her most unique horn born to silence and wonder under expression; reserved to her core, the floor of her being. Indeed if only everyone could receive such a gifted training in the tedium of stillness; it would certainly be peaceful.

Doleful and longingly does Ilsa pant and pine after Divine Love. Seeing in the unseen the sheen of far surrounding seas; eternities upon eternities pleases Ilsa's sight after the might of her love's longing. Within these regions, her vast enterprise for devising new canticles from this chanticleer crying are dying in longing all the day. Yearning in that stillness is Ilsa's discipleship with her Divine Lord as Mary at His feet hath adored. This touched Ilsa's life now with greater vigor than even the ardor of her youth, which in her own silent way was a burning star.

Ilsa was given a gift one day in her twenty fourth year to be near someone in the world dying that day for to bless them. God had granted Ilsa this delight for having been so faithful to Him even during those difficult tides of young lusts; waxing wet and weighing as heavy as a Chevy®™ on the youthful virtue of innocents. Ilsa remained pure as a lab kept by Pasture which she thinks is only a gift from God for sure.

And so God took Ilsa to a place hitherto unknown to the imagination of mortals. A place where the references have similarities but the ambience is eternal. Air old not with dust but with recognition of history, she strides through these mystical theatres and then appears before the one whom she has been given to comfort. This young boy whom was hit by a Roman chariot had laureates written in his visage. He has not yet heard God's word until the sweet vision of Ilsa comes unto him. He asks her who she is and she says those fitful words she spoke sixteen years ago: My name is Ilsa.

The young boy pauses to catch his breath which has been knocked out from him when Ilsa makes mental contact. He asks her if she is one of the gods and upon that question she takes out a small gold case wherein is contained a Consecrated Host. In a lengthy engagement, a moment outside of time, Ilsa is able to see him baptized and gives him his first Communion.

After the proper thanks was rendered from the boy, the extended moment returned to time's natural ebb and flow. The boy then regained his breath and got up whole and entirely well. This boy's name became Wamba who would recapture Nîme in the name of the Lord in His Year six hundred seventy three.

God would sometimes dispose Ilsa of knowing things like this, other times He would allow her to maintain in innocents of such knowledge. For there were many other such flights to peoples not yet written down in any history chart. Mostly Ilsa just sat with God in stillness, caressing His tresses with her soul and filling with figs His bowl of Mercy. Jesus loves Ilsa very much; her ardor in faith, her plat in hope and her aura in love. These were the familiar Salons in the chambers of Ilsa's heart which God saw fit to refresh Himself in the afternoon with a stroll. Indeed for God, Ilsa's heart was as His walks in Paradise with Adam and Eve where Ilsa conceived Him every day.

Another occasion of extraordinary grace was one of Ilsa's flights to the eternal hights were she met angels and saints. Above all, she met those in great need of mercy. Particularly one family of fallen gods from antediluvian times asked this tenderest little lamb for her prayers. She with all repose of soul bade them to pray with her: Glory to God in the highest so it was and is and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. The place where these fallen gods were reminded Ilsa of that day in high school where the gloom of asphodels loom before the final quake and fate of all fallen gods.

Finally, in her twenty fourth year, she was taken to see her parents whom she loved and revered as much as God Himself. Their whispers in her were speaking that dissimulated language familiar peculiarly between them. They were in that joyful place of longing for final union where those few souls go who had known true love in time. This unusual contact with them remained with Ilsa the rest of her days in temporal life and gave her consolation in her loneliness.

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At the pinnacle of her prime, thirty two years old, she told her beads in habit and profession. A procession made its way to Ilsa's cell; her wellspring was for all souls and all souls did she receive and conceive with Love. Truly was there never a better Christian example than Ilsa. God had taken her to many ethereal places but now He sought to test His lover by obscuring His presence over her. Ilsa was never unrested by this test. She continued bravely burning for more opportunity to Love than be loved.

Ilsa came to convent Maria Loreto in Salzburg in her twenty eighth year and now on her thirty second birthday, is taking her final vows. Patient as she always is she kneels before the Child of Loreto statue whose patronage founded the convent with Friar John Schenk. Here Ilsa is bi-located back to November 25th, sixteen hundred thirty four for to see Friar John before his death and her final vows. She communicates solely with her heart and wonders the question: could it be me? Friar John could see she was yet wet, a lass in the class of Holy Patriarchs whom before her made great penance. Though she is lacking nothing in virtue save she had not gave mortifications. Ilsa up to this time had been more of an empath than a victim soul; Friar John knows better this vocation in her to be a victim for Christ in exemplar of Mother Mary.

Ilsa's simplicity could easily be misconceived by worldly minds to be idiocy; however if you know Ilsa then you know the plethora of flora she holds in her soul. Therefore, Friar John gave her his blessing and just then the train came to take her to the altar and make her solemn vows. Her vocation marked out by the Patriarch himself, to visit all those who need a friend. This radiant joy was accompanied by a heavenly light, which only pilgrims of the afterlife could perceive. She received her habit from the abbot and lay prostrate on the floor for some time transfixed on her crucifix. When the time lay good and heavy, the levy broke and she spoke those immortal words of her vows: "For God I commit my life to His service under the promises of my vows to Holy Poverty, Holy Chastity and Holy Obedience! I renounce the world and all its vanity and take up my Cross after my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! My name is now: Ingrid. So from henceforth all shall know me as Sister Ingrid."

Sister Ingrid made many people whole who were afflicted throughout the world known only to God and her confessor. Sister Ingrid made many heartfelt confessions to Friar Stanislaus during her time at convent Loreto. He pressed her gently as grapes under the bare feet of Italian maidens. Keeping her alert to God's will and whim, he advanced her quickly in Holiness. Many days she would not eat her required portion in order to free more and more souls from the lonely asphodel meadows of limbo.

Surpassing her fellow compatriots in compassion made her much envied for this Holiness. Some followed Sister Ingrid with all Holy Envy while others mocked and ridiculed her with evil envy. Sister Ingrid would not even perceive the malice from some of her fellow sisters had God not showed her. It was God's privilege and pleasure to bestow many graces on Sister Ingrid during this turbulent endeavor of finding favor for those who have none. Every day at None, she was prone to seeing the souls freed from the lonely asphodels by her prayers and fastings. All souls appearing as many little gold atoms or guppies swimming to a source through sapphire blue heaven.

Some of the nuns sought what ought to be done with Sister Ingrid for her pallid complexion of late. She walked the way of the Cross and never balked to the right or left. Her

angelic face pulled taught by battles fought with the enemy. Is there no one who sees her need? Is everyone deaf to her plead?

One night when all the sisters were in bed, Sister M made merriment of Sister Ingrid's head by placing a foolish looking halo over it while Sister Ingrid slept. When Sister Ingrid awoke she saw many of her sisters standing round and ridiculing her for false sanctity. Usually Sister Ingrid felt no pain from such chiding, however this time a cold warmth ushered up from her chest to her face and filled it with blood. As her face turned rouge, the other sisters felt bad about this rouse and walked away one by one at a time. Finally, sister M being the last one standing there, threatened her with calumny in a chummy voice; giving no credence to Sister Ingrid's clear water revival of Calvary. Sister Ingrid never leavened her dough though with such thoughts of vanity. Her humanity was free from such vice, which made Sister Ingrid twice as nice as any other of the sisters. She bore this with a grade of patients not of this world, for now God sought to test her virtues and prove their compunction.

On the feast of the Assumption, Sister Ingrid was invited to go somewhere very far away for a very special mission. Sister Ingrid being so drawn, went after this opaque object of her desire for a long time, or though it seemed. For in the world of Sister Ingrid, time was subservient to her will and that will constantly bent on new ways to spread the Love of God. After seemingly endless periation through sky blue she found her object of desire. The place seemed old and her subject wore a toga. Sister Ingrid did not know who this was except she perceived in him that deep desire to know the Truth. She wanted to see if he would take the Sacraments but just then, she was halted from requiting that desire. It was as though whatever she was called to do for this man, he himself was not permitted to know about her.

Sister Ingrid stood there for a stretch puzzled, as though for an instant she forgot her own ability and gropingly wondered what she might do for this man. Finally, it came to her. She began to concentrate on her Lover and His power to penetrate men's hearts. Then something amazing happened, for the man jumped up as though he had found the Truth. He went into a nearby village all the while Sister Ingrid floating alongside him. Upon entering the village, a woman could be heard weeping hysterically and crying for her dying son swaddled in her arms. Suddenly, the man put his hands on the child and the boy regained his health immediately. It became known to Sister Ingrid right there that her petitions helped a very pivotal man in history: Pythagoras.

The next day, Sister M came up to Sister Ingrid's cell with the Abbess accusing Sister Ingrid of theft from the coughers. What Sister Ingrid did not know is that Sister M planed this heist for a price on her head and force Sister Ingrid from her monastic bed. When the Abbess came in with Sister M to reconnoiter the funds, Sister Ingrid seemingly was caught red-handed with the money still in bed with her. Sternly the Abbess said: "If this is the bed you have made,

then you shall lye in it." That very day, Sister Ingrid was asked to leave the monastery and never return. The Abbess, though a fair woman, was well waxed with the daemon Malatasca and could not be bent to reason.

At the close of day, Sister Ingrid was leaving the convent while all the nuns made comment on her genuine holiness. They asked how such an one could be a common thief and seem so holy. After all, hasn't Sister Ingrid been the one who silently remained in chapel night after night. Does Mother Abbess have the right to throw Sister Ingrid on the skids?

A kid did she play in all this clamor from the hammer of Thor who bore the name for Malatasca. She knew she would lose her Abba and go back to the same name her parents Christened upon her. This situation could do nothing to disturb her tranquility, that for which God tested her impunity. Immunity in this chance circumstance could put no stance against her serenity. It was the meek maker of her under the concord of savvy. In such high spirits, the exile from the convent was hard and troublesome except she kept all things and pondered them in her heart. Her resolve was wed to her mind and imbed in her soul and God was nigh well pleased with Ilsa.

On Ilsa's way down the road from the convent she felt the breath of spring in her nose. She paused as to pose there for some time taking in the beauties of these creatures and trees. Bees and birds flitting to and fro about her; birds perched on her shoulder and sang with her in key together with her angels.

Down the road some days distance, Ilsa came across an abandoned cottage and went in to forage around for some ground she could rest herself on. She did just that after two whole days of walking through the countryside: lay herself down for a good night's rest. God then stepped back from Ilsa to appreciate His creation of patience in her. Still Ilsa moved about life as though there were no difference. This pleased God the most about her, for always was Ilsa willing, ready and able to table a spoon of God's Mercy before His Justice.

Later on, Ilsa awoke and began working on cleaning up this little new found home; that is if no one would claim it. No one ever did and Ilsa began making this little cottage a college for pilgrim's feet. She gave every one meat and potatoes together with Love and compassion; all pilgrims began to speak of her as meek and gentile of passion. Here in this place, Ilsa began something that she herself had no knowledge would become world renowned and rebound with Our Lady of All Grace. Something hitherto not doctrinal yet Truly devotional, this seed of light in Ilsa as Our Lady of All Grace. This little pilgrim paradigm of Divine Love became the forbearer of the Queen of All Grace and bore in her face the visage of Vasquez the Galician.

As Christmas approached in this undulate year of change, Ilsa put up a Cross decorated with lights and dubbed it a Christmas tree. The feast of lights shown blue and white and on

that night she would ignite the hearts of her pilgrim children by enacting the Passion of Christ in Poverty. One such pilgrim came to her doorstep begging. Ilsa answered the door and led this pilgrim into her hut but this was no ordinary pilgrim. Though she did not know it was the Christ, she gave him a crust and her trust and He in turn gave her the gifted vision of His blazing birth.

Ilsa knelt at her bed that night and she saw His birth as though it were her birth. Suddenly she ushered from the womb of the Virgin through Her abdomen as Enoch translated from earth to heaven from heaven to earth. Ilsa knew then that her being in Jesus now had His perception at His earthly birth. She lifted up by the Angels and transfigured in Jesus for the Virgin's eyes only. Deeply did Love penetrate into Ilsa while she recalled her vague desires at sixteen to be penetrated. What once was far off and made little sense to her is now clear and present. While transfigured in Christ she would have given up the ghost had God allowed it. Her desire for full and total union in heaven was the leaven of Jesus in her. Ilsa then cried out: "The will to heaven is paved with blood, sweat and tears! The fears of the flesh melt here on this bier of Your Birth, O Holy Lord!" Just then, the experience abated and she bedded herself on this sweet eiderdown, down, down into divine sleep trundled.

On the morrow's morning, Ilsa woke and saw her pilgrim companion no more. She knew who it had been and she then lit a candle and sang Handle's Halleluiah Chorus, filling the forest with angelic cantations. It was on this day that Ilsa made her way in the bayous to bring Holy Communion to the villagers. The devil could never show himself openly in any form to Ilsa; neither animal, nor angelic, nor demonic. He could only do things in people or circumstances. This was due in part to Ilsa's innocents and to the fact that God would only allow so much from the devil and no more, for His test of Ilsa made His breast incline on her behalf.

Ilsa came across a drunken man along the road who groped at her as he leered. She steered clear by invoking the Name of God and then the man fell to his face whence he realized his sin. Without chagrin, the man fell in True Love with Ilsa that day and made The Way of the Cross his Soul Kitchen© where he revives. All the way down the lanes in life, Ilsa made such friendships out of hardships. In past years and years to come, she caressed all souls to her spiritual breast like a nest well tied while her sisters forsook the room she had raked with an old iron side; that room where bloom the roses of fidelity, felicity and fecundity in Love.

There are others in these sweet salons of savvy who love Ilsa madly. This man whom she converted had those holy needs of all fledgling sheep, to weep over her feet and wipe them with his hair. Inside this man was a warmed heart from the cold, bold blood of worldliness into the hot hen house of soul soused love. Welling up in him, who's name is Jim, makes simple

example of Mary to Jesus. Jim never had been so light of heart as these days with Ilsa who's flights start in on him as Revelation reveals God's love for his chosen.

Ilsa and James wed in the very Church, which had accused her of cold theft so many years ago. Now to forego any rivalry from the past, the Mother Abbess tells Ilsa and James the craft of Sister M when she set her trap for Sister Ingrid. Mother Abbess asked Sister Ingrid for her Pingrid®™ forgiveness as any one of these who study Chinese need the pin yin. It was as though she had her heart guided by God to ask in such humble manner as to the matter of her expulsion. Ilsa, as always, was soothing in her equitable way. She extended her heart the way others their hand would impend to the body. Mother Abbess could see Ilsa had found a new life since those days at Loreto. Her womb would be open in its proper season as the kegs of Cana brought forth sweet wine from the vacancy of water. Ilsa's future was now with this new person in her life; so Mother Abbess set a date and told no one, knowing this date would be Ilsa's wedding with James.

March 25th, the Incarnation made framed, the day Ilsa was to marry James. Mother Abbess' prayers for Ilsa made it happen in this pattern of Holy Devotion. No one can truly say one way or the other whether Mother Abbess' prayers did this or random chance. For believers, the pants in the family will say 'Ye! It's Faith!' and never sway any other way. Either way, Ilsa's life was about to ascend and descend into marital bliss.

The day arrived and the bride was ravishing while the groom was dashing. James and Ilsa rode off together that day with tinkling bells speaking benedictions all the way to a home and life together, taking in the pilgrim and mendicant from pendent poverty and desolation. The greatest vocation of these ministries was for one another. Their life joined into a concourse unity where infinity is the table raised to eternity by Jesus. Frothing and foaming together through the heather on the hills of their union, they strike a bargain price for a priceless treasure. Freedom freed in the fricassee of flickering and lingering sentiments in this place of love realized between their two hearts reeds. This they feed on: purity and chastity, love and wisdom, impunity and sagacity.

James aims at pleasing Ilsa and does so by plethora of will wishing from his frothing hart to have a part in her life. And what a part James' maimed love made whole by Ilsa played in the unfolding of her womb. When they made love together, the experience could only be expound by expiration into the abyss of joyfulness; letting go of all breath even unto death do them part. Their hart now one accord and never board with passion, the passive state of being who's wooing makes stag harts tame. The deep silence washing away the tawdry of words and bawdry of blurbs into a mystical union for which James, all the same, was surprised withal and dips not twice his swizzle in love's drink. Only one enormous thrust and they both burst opine while supine and sublime in wistful wedded bliss. Coming back to separate bodies after these

ecstasies would be difficult for many, though James and Ilsa plumbed a line from those times together out of time.

Though not spoken of here, for what words are there, Ilsa was a champion of Virtue, having suffered many trials that scant others could bear. One more thing would spring for Ilsa in this life, a child to open and close her womb, an open and shut case in LOVE.

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Eight years in marriage and anon a little bon-bon is candying within Ilsa's crock. Her sock in hand and knitting needles kneading their way to the finish, furnish a form for her hope to take shape. Ilsa kept her crimson cord to heaven as the high priest in Aaron's army fought for God's mercy over His people on Yom Kippur. The poor high priest, should he die for people's sins, upon this crimson cavalcade of hempen cords is stole out. Ilsa's crimson tie to heaven's host poured out to fie upon the foe His roe love of the Dove.

Forty years into this life and Ilsa was feeling alive as she had at five when she sang songs with no sound; yet still its Vibrato and Arcola vibrating and arcading beauty into Truth's likeness. Can we be forty and still make a baby? Ilsa did! She bid the clock adieu and frocked a pew in Church to pray for easy birth of this small doll within the walls of her "Utop-uterus." How kind for us it is to have had Ilsa fizz this fusion of seed and egg. Her keg brimming with the phlegm of another champion, kempt on the champs Elysian then "hempt" to the Boat Cartesian to be teased through this life of mortal pain. This child would prove her worth of wealth in the gifts of compassion and magnanimity in anonymity. Her eyes as blue as her hair is fair, she compares to her mother and no other would have Ilsa's heart.

At the time of her daughter's birth, Ilsa thought the name Catharine was akin to her heart in the art of prayer with St. Catharine of Sienna. Ilsa, breathless from giving birth, recalled that night in flight to Bethlehem wonderingly in ecstasy within His Body. She knew now how much the Crucifixion is in the unction of giving birth. It made a pain deep in the bosom of her womb spreading out to her hips astounding her faculties and causing her to pass out in small bouts. Then she heard the Doctor say: "You've passed the head, now lay back on the bed for some rest." Her interior instincts compelled into the channel of such concentration on consternation in birthing, Ilsa could only hear those words with her mind so blind in contraction.

A while passed in recovery before Ilsa made this discovery, that Catharine could receive her thoughts and with ideas was already brimming. There was a phlegmatic strand between them, which would stand as a pneumatic connection of their affection for each other. Could

wind stand? It's stance would then move and yet be unshaken and so too were their blue hearts harkened to be Siamese together. Ilsa and Catharine knew one another in a way so deep it precludes words, basing on the eternal table the unison communication that made them One from two. New and fresh, Ilsa in her Mensa from Catharine received and imbibed. Love in Ilsa has achieved a plateau in empathy with Catharine she had not had since her parents were alive; it leaves Ilsa in the sweet bye and bye.

A few weeks after Catharine came home it became apparent that no cry was imminent. Ilsa and James thought Catharine to be handy caped but another reason clapped on in Ilsa's heart; Catharine was simply a teetotaler from the blithe life of words or sounds. She abounded in curiosity without pomposity as happens in adult voracity. This put Catharine in love with others at this most tender age with a sage that would turn the page at any person's stage. All the while, wiling away time on the stein known as patients. It seemed as though Catharine was gifted with the lilting paraffin of a wax incorruptible to say the least. Not without standing, Catharine was fumbling human; it's just that she so thrust her heart into her onlooker that it seemed to be Jesus Himself in this infant; certainly a gifted parapet of simple Wonder. Her innocent consonant from the bowels of vowels in Phoenician, or Grecian tongue clung to the roof of the mouth.

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